

In Italy thirty out of every 10,000 people die by the knife of the assassin.

The number of science schools in England has nearly doubled in the last ten years.

It is proposed to construct a monster telescope in Paris for the exhibition of the year 1900. It will cost upward of \$2,000,000.

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries where he or she ruled.

There is undoubtedly no country where music lovers can enjoy such rare opportunities for the cultivation of a musical taste as in the German Fatherland, avers the New York Advertiser.

It is an exceedingly interesting fact, observes the New York Independent, that the exports of American silver are large and rapidly increasing. During the first half of 1894 our shipments were as large as the entire calendar year of 1892, and for the first eight months of 1894 about double that for 1891. The exports of domestic silver for the first eight months of 1894 were \$39,069,087. It would be remarkable and at the same time very agreeable if we could market our surplus silver to our foreign friends.

In the Interior Department at Washington there is most valuable manuscript on the Six Nations. It was compiled and written by experts in the Bureau of Ethnography, and is intended to be printed at some time in the future. The work is a complete history of the Six Nations, contains a full vocabulary of their tongues and dialects, enters into a minute study of their religious belief and manner of worship, besides describing fully their social customs. It is said that the manuscript may lie for years without being put into the printer's hands unless some one interests himself sufficiently in the matter to have the work begun upon it. When completed the book will make several volumes.

A recent number of the Journal of Education had a very interesting and instructive article upon the comparative costs of war and of education. There is no better proof of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the sums of money expended for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that brain is better than brawn, there is little evidence that statesmen so regard it. From tables compiled by the Journal of Education we take the following, which gives the amounts per capita expended in various civilized and enlightened countries for military and educational purposes, respectively:

	Military Education
France.....	\$4.00 \$7.70
England.....	2.72 .62
Prussia.....	2.04 .50
Russia.....	2.04 .03
Austria.....	1.36 .32
Italy.....	1.52 .36
Denmark.....	1.76 .04
Holland.....	3.58 .64
Switzerland.....	.82 .84
United States.....	.30 1.35

There is something peculiarly fascinating, muses the New York Herald, about the idea that electricity, which scientists confidently predict will some day be the most docile and useful of man's industrial slaves, also possesses properties that make it a valuable agency in combating disease. While it must be conceded that the results achieved and the knowledge gleaned in this application of the all potent and mysterious fluid fall far short of what has been achieved in developing it as a motor power and light producer, the papers read at the meeting of the National Society of Electro-Therapists, in session in this city, make it evident that great progress has been made. To a lay mind one of the most interesting statements made was that of President King, who declared that a nine-year-old boy who was unable to add three and three together, after receiving thirty treatments of electricity, was able to add a column of figures as quick as the Doctor could himself. After that one may well cry "Eureka! the educational problem is solved."

#### HIS WORLD.

No matter how the skies may frown,  
This world is rollin' right—  
A sun for every mornin'  
An' a star for every night.  
Then about your hallelujah  
Ah! raise your sweetest tune;  
If we're freenin' in December  
We'll be warm enough in June.  
No matter how the tempest blows,  
This world is rollin' right;  
The summer burns to red the rose,  
The winter makes it white.  
Then about your hallelujah  
In mornin' time an' noon;  
If we're freenin' in December  
We'll be warm enough in June.  
No matter what the people say,  
This world with beauty beams;  
There's sun enough for makin' hay  
An' dark enough for dreams.  
Then about your hallelujah,  
For we'll git to glory soon;  
If we're freenin' in December  
We'll be warm enough in June.  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Judge.

#### OLD JERRY'S CLAIM.

BY J. G. FOWLER.



HE spring of 1870 saw me one of a community of "squatters" in Southeastern Kansas. The land on which we had settled without authority belonged to the Osage Indians, but was about to pass into the hands of the Government, to be opened up for settlement under the pre-emption laws. We established a postoffice and trading place, giving it the name of Osage City.

There had been as yet no official survey of the land, and we squatted a good deal by guess as to location. Being beyond regularly constituted authorities, and without State courts or laws of local application, we banded together for mutual protection against both Indian marauders and white intruders.

We formed the "Osage City Club," elected a "Club" sheriff and judge, passed such laws as we considered needful for order and the protection of each member's rights, and pledged ourselves to stand by these regulations to the death, if need be. As the first settlers, we believed that we had the best right to the country, and looked with disfavor on new comers.

One of our number was Jerry Saunders—"Old Jerry" we called him—a rough graybeard of fifty or more years, whose family consisted of himself, wife, four sons and a daughter. The youngest son, George, was nearly seventeen, and as the "Club" law allowed a father to hold a hundred and sixty acres of land for each son over sixteen years of age, besides the same amount for himself, Old Jerry and his boys were "holding down" five claims. The boys, however, lived with their father, and paid only occasional visits to their claims, after making such trifling improvements as were required by the "Club" laws.

Saunders's daughter, Polly, was a beautiful and lovable girl nearly fourteen years old—a fearless horsewoman, and a great favorite among the squatters. She was her brother's equal in riding and managing the half-wild ponies, which were so much in use with us at that time. She often rode from one to another of our humble homes, where she was always sure of a hearty welcome.

Old Jerry almost worshipped this girl. She was the sole being in whose presence he would neither use profane language nor chew tobacco. "My little gal don't think it's nice," he would say. "She thinks her old dad a heap nicer'n he be, an' somehow or 'nother I don't like the idee of her a-fundin' out different."

We sometimes twitted the old man about his fear of Polly, but we liked him the better for it.

One day a messenger was sent from claim to claim, calling together the members of the club to consider a case of infringed rights. All assembled at the "city" store that night to hear the particulars.

Old Jerry was the aggrieved party. It appeared that a new-comer had "jumped" the claim of his son George, and before they were aware of his presence, had built a cabin upon it and domiciled his family. Old Jerry had ordered the intruder to leave, but the man had refused to go.

Our meeting immediately appointed a committee of three to wait upon the stranger, and in the name of the Osage City Club to order him to leave the claim within three days.

I was chairman of the committee. We found the intruder hard at work breaking prairie, while his little boy was following the plow and dropping corn in the furrow. This was at that time the usual method of planting seed-corn. If the grains were dropped as close to the edge of the furrow as possible, the next round of the plow would cover them with a little loose dirt, without throwing the heavy, tough sod flat upon them.

The stranger was a tall, raven-haired man, seemingly of more than ordinary physical strength and force of character. He stopped his horses

when he saw us approaching, and waited for us.

"Howdy, gentlemen?" he said, looking at us inquiringly.

"We've come upon business," I said, after returning his greeting, and the sooner we get at it the better.

"Right you are, I reckon, stranger," he replied. "I don't go nose on beatin' round the bush. What's yer business?"

"Well, there's not much to say, and it won't take long to say it. You've jumped a man's claim here, and we've come to warn you off of it. We represent the Osage City Club, and mean what we say."

"Oh, that's what you've come for, is it?" he said, reflectively. "Well, it's just this way with me. I don't consider 'at I've jumped anybody's claim at all. If I did, I'd leave 'ithout any orderin' as soo's I found it out. But I don't consider 'at this claim was bein' held down by anybody. I seed a little jag o' hay 'at somebody'd cut out yander—maybe a quarter of a ton or so—an' one furrer across the land over thar; but there wa'n't nobody a-livin' here, an' I just settled an' built my cabin."

"Then comes an old feller, an' says 'at he was a-holdin' this claim for one of his boys, along 'ith one apiece for his other'n an' himself. Thinks I, 'that ain't no fair shake,' an' I told him so."

"Says I, 'I wouldn't jump no man's claim; but where a man's already got a good un, an' then not satisfied 'ith that, wants a whole lot more, that's a different thing.' Says I, 'I've got a better right to one claim for my family 'an you have to four or five for yours.' The old feller got consid'able hot, an' said 'he'd show me what's what,' an' went off."

I looked at my two companions and they looked at me. We all felt in our hearts that the stranger had the best of the argument; but we were sent for a certain purpose, and were determined to carry it out.

"We can't stay and discuss the rights and wrongs with you," I said. "We are sent by the Club to warn you to vacate these premises within three days. Your opinion has nothing to do with our business. My advice to you is to obey the orders of the Club."

"Gentlemen," he replied, speaking slowly and mildly, "I don't aim to wrong nobody. If I didn't think I had a right here, as I said afore, 'I wouldn't take no coxin' or warnin' to git me off. But I've got my family to look out for as well as any of you uns, an' I propose to stay right here. If I don't, it'll be 'cause I can't help myself. I'm willin' to pay the old man for what work him or his boys done on this claim, an' pay 'im more'n it's worth. But I will not give up this claim till I have to. That's all I've got to say."

He went on with his plowing, and we departed, much astonished at the man's obstinacy, and yet not without a feeling of respect for his determination not to be bullied out of what he considered his rights. We still expected, however, that after he had thought the matter over he would see the uselessness of resisting so many and decide to go.

But after the three days the stranger was still there, apparently with no notion of changing his mind. Again the Club was summoned in extra session. Some of the members were in favor of taking immediate forcible possession of the claim, and "ousting" alive or dead, the obstinate stranger, who dared to defy the edicts of the Club. Others, among whom were the members of the committee who had called upon him, did not feel that he was entirely in the wrong, and wished to give him the semblance of justice at least. Our view prevailed. It was finally agreed that we should try the case in Club court on the following day.

Next morning the sheriff rode over to the disputed claim and summoned the man Graham—as we had learned his name to be—to appear forthwith before the Club judge for trial.

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," was his reply, "I won't consent to no such a game. 'Acourse I know well enough 'at I might just as well give it up now as agree to stand a trial afore yer Club, 'cause the old feller 'at wants me ousted is one of ye, and ye're not a-goin' back on him. I aint got nothin' agin ye, Mr. Sheriff, nor any on ye, but I don't calculate to be bluffed out, nor swindled out by no sech scheme. If ye git me off'n thit here place, ye'll have to do it by force, an' take yer chances while ye're a-doin' it."

The trial was held, notwithstanding, and of course resulted in a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff, George Saunders. The sentence of the court was that Graham be put off the claim on the next day, by force or otherwise, bag and baggage, and young Saunders placed in possession. About twenty of us assembled the following morning to carry out this sentence.

I am not sure that we all went with willing hearts. But we were pledged to protect each others' "rights," and stand by the Club court, and this we were determined to do.

Old Jerry and his sons, of course, were of the party. Headed by our sheriff, we proceeded to Graham's cabin. He saw us coming, and was prepared for us.

The sheriff and I rode on ahead of the main party, to induce Graham, if possible, to give peaceable possession. We dismounted a short distance from the cabin, I held both horses while the sheriff walked to the door. Graham appeared, standing a little back from the entrance, his right hand under the left breast of his coat, his left hand behind him. We readily guessed what the position meant. He was armed and ready to fight to the death.

He was pale, but his voice had not a tremor in it, as he said, "Stop right thar! I know what ye've come for, Mr. Sheriff, an' ye needn't tell me, or argy the case at all."

"Graham," began the sheriff, "come now, you'd better—"

"No use to argy at all," repeated Graham. "Now let me tell ye; I aint got nothin' agin any on ye, as I've told ye before. But this is my house; my goods are in it; my family is in it, an' I'm a-goin' to protect em as long's I've got a finger 'at can pull a trigger. There can't none on ye come in here till I'm as dead as a mackerel. An' if ye do kil me, Mr. Sheriff, I've just got one favor to ax: Act white with my wife and children, an' don't lay nothin' up agin 'em on my account."

Here the remainder of the party rode up, and the sheriff walked over to consult with the men. After a short conversation the whole party dismounted, and left two or three to hold the horses while the rest pressed closer to the cabin.

"Well," called out Old Jerry, "air ye a-goin' to give up, or do ye hanker after a necktie persuader?"

Graham had not shifted his position an inch since he first appeared. Slowly and distinctly came his reply: "All I've got to say is what I've already said to yer sheriff. You've already got four times as much land as I have, an' there aint no civilized law 'at would let a boy not seventeen year old hold a claim for his father, agin a man 'at's got a family to support. I'm here to protect my family an' my goods, till I die, an' the first man 'at tries to come in here, or makes a move toward me, does it at his own risk. I mean what I say, gentlemen."

This was a bold speech for one man to make to twenty. But there he stood without flinching, and it was plain that he meant what he said.

For a few moments we stood facing him, scarcely knowing how to proceed. No one of us cared to make the first advance, for whoever did would in all probability invite his own death.

As we hesitated, we were astounded to see Graham suddenly withdraw his hands, jump down from the doorstep, and with a horrified exclamation, rush past us like, as Old Jerry afterward put it, "a streak of greased lightning."

Turning to look after him, we saw an alarming spectacle. Old Jerry Saunders's half-wild bronco, with Polly on his back, came furiously across the prairie. Sometimes the brute stopped suddenly, shook its whole body as a dog does after coming out of water, and sprang up and down in buck leaps. Then it came on again, galloping with lowered head and many a quick swerve.

The reins had been jerked out of Polly's hands at the beginning of the bronco's run; his forefeet, in springing, had caught them, one check strap had given way and the curb-bit had fallen from his teeth. Polly, grasping the short mane near the shoulder, kept her seat, but jerked to and fro with the savage creature's plunges, seemed every moment likely to be thrown. Her horse fairly shrieked with malice, and would, we feared, trample her should he get her down.

But this was not the danger that had most alarmed Graham for the girl. The bronco's course, when he ran, was toward a dense growth of scrub a quarter of a mile distant. Should he reach this, Polly would be knocked off or badly mangled among the low trees.

Graham, entirely disregarding our armed company, ran past at right angles to the pony's line. It looked as if he might as well attempt to stop a cyclone as the bronco. But he sped on as if without a thought of danger to himself. We followed at a much slower rate of speed.

Perhaps seeing his course likely to be intercepted, the bronco ceased all antics and made straight for the scrub. But he had miscalculated Graham's swiftness. With a sport the squatter was at the pony's shoulder, and next moment was hanging around its neck with both arms.

Then began a terrible struggle. The bronco struck Graham with its forefeet, but he, nevertheless, contrived to fling them up to its shoulders. The brute tore his shirt away from his back, and left a stream of blood from its teeth.

But its speed had slackened, and Polly was able to spring off. At that moment Graham almost flung the pony. Then he dropped, and the wild brute rushed away.

Old Jerry Saunders cried like a baby as Polly, trembling from the long strain on her nerves, ran into his arms, flung her around his neck and broke into tears with the reaction from excitement. Graham still lay where he had fallen, unable to rise, but fully conscious and cool in mind.

"Well, gentlemen," he said in a

voice that betokened his effort to ex-press no weakness or pain, "I reckon ye've got the drop on me. I aint in no shape for fightin'."

"Graham," cried Old Jerry, rushing up and taking his hand, "don't talk about fightin'. Ye aint got none of it to do. Say, I wish ye'd forgive me for the trouble I've made ye. Ye're the spunkiest man ever I seen. The place is yours, an' so's the best team I've got to my name, an' all the work me an' George can do to help you with yer crops this year."

"Well, I aint needin' help with work. I can hoe my row, I reckon. But it's neighborly of ye—thank ye all the same," said Graham. "Ye see, I was bound to hang on to my rights."

"That's all right—the claim's yours," said Jerry.

We carried the wounded man to his cabin as tenderly as we could. One of his legs was shockingly bruised and a great chunk almost torn out of the flesh behind his left shoulder.

We all joined in to pay the doctor's bill and provide for the wants of his family until he was able to work again.

Old Jerry was as good as his word. He and George finished breaking out the land and planting the seed. Then when Graham could get about the old fellow led over his finest team of horses, and insisted upon giving them to him as a small token of his gratitude for having saved his darling.

Graham, finding he could scarcely retain Jerry's friendship without accepting the horses, took them into use. Some years afterward, when his energy had made him prosperous, he insisted on giving George, Jerry's youngest son, a thoroughbred bull and two high-priced cows.—Youth's Companion.

#### Cents Are Legal Tender.

There is one story so utterly ridiculous that it seems incredible that it should ever have been printed, which in one form or another makes the rounds of various newspapers of the country annually. Look for it and you will sooner or later see it crop up again.

This tale is always based upon the unpopularity of the one-cent pieces in the extreme West and Southwest. In its most common form it tells of some Eastern traveler who attempts to dispose of a hundred or so one-cent pieces in San Francisco, El Paso or some other place. The tradesman is always represented as looking at them curiously and declining them.

The writers of these senseless tales may have been in the West or they may not. It matters little—their story is pointless. They seek to brand the mythical tradesman as of the same category with themselves.

The cent is a legal tender in amounts of twenty-five and less. If an Eastern man in San Francisco or anywhere else owes a debt of twenty-five cents and tenders twenty-five cent pieces in settlement, the courts will sustain him.

Of course, the coins are not popular in the extreme West and South, but no one need carry a hundred of them in a cigar box or anywhere else as useless metal. If you are in a city that has not a United States Treasury, go to the Postoffice, dump in twenty-five cents and see if you will have any difficulty in obtaining stamps or postal cards of like amount. If one is refused a letter of complaint to the postal authorities will soon work the removal of an employee who would discredit United States money.

It is well to bear this matter of the legal tender of a cent in mind. No one for spite can make a person take more than twenty-five of them in any single transaction involving the settlement of a debt. One need have no fear, then, of receiving \$100 in cents from some embittered debtor.—New York Herald.

#### The Freight Became Alive.

"Two weeks ago I saw a car load of chickens in Alabama," said T. L. Hollinshead. "The remarkable thing about it was that the chickens were all from one day to three days old. Among the freight in a local car was a basket of eggs which had, in some way, been overlooked, and the car remained on the side track for a number of days. It was then picked up as an empty and taken into Selma, where, upon opening it, a number of small chickens were seen toddling about the floor; in fact, enough to be called a car load. In very hot weather it is not infrequent to find eggs on the point of hatching. Every commission merchant has had such experiences, but the Alabama incident is the only one of that kind I ever heard of."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### One Big Free Lunch.

Tourists who strike Cairo, Egypt, after a ruler's death are in unusual luck. For forty days after the Khedive's death food is served with coffee and cigarettes to all who visit his tomb.—Chicago Times.

A new scrubbing machine is whirled over the floor like a lawn mower. It sweeps, wets, rubs and dries the floor, and two or three movements of the machine make the boards shine.



# WITH KOREA'S KING.

MINISTER SILL'S FIRST VISIT TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY.

Our Representative Refused to Enter the Palace by the Back Door —The King and His Surroundings.

ONE of the most interesting men in the world to-day is the King of Korea. The war between Japan and China is being fought over him, and the future of Asia is involved in the struggle. The King is the absolute ruler of 12,000,000 people. The land of Korea belongs practically to him, and the development of its immense natural resources in gold and coal, which is sure to occur after the war is over, may make him one of the richest kings in the world.

I had an audience with him six years ago, and I met him in one of his palaces in Seoul just before the outbreak of the present rebellion, writes Frank G. Carpenter. He received me with the highest of honors, and I am, I believe, the only strictly private American who has ever gone through the imperial door of the great gate which leads into his palace city.

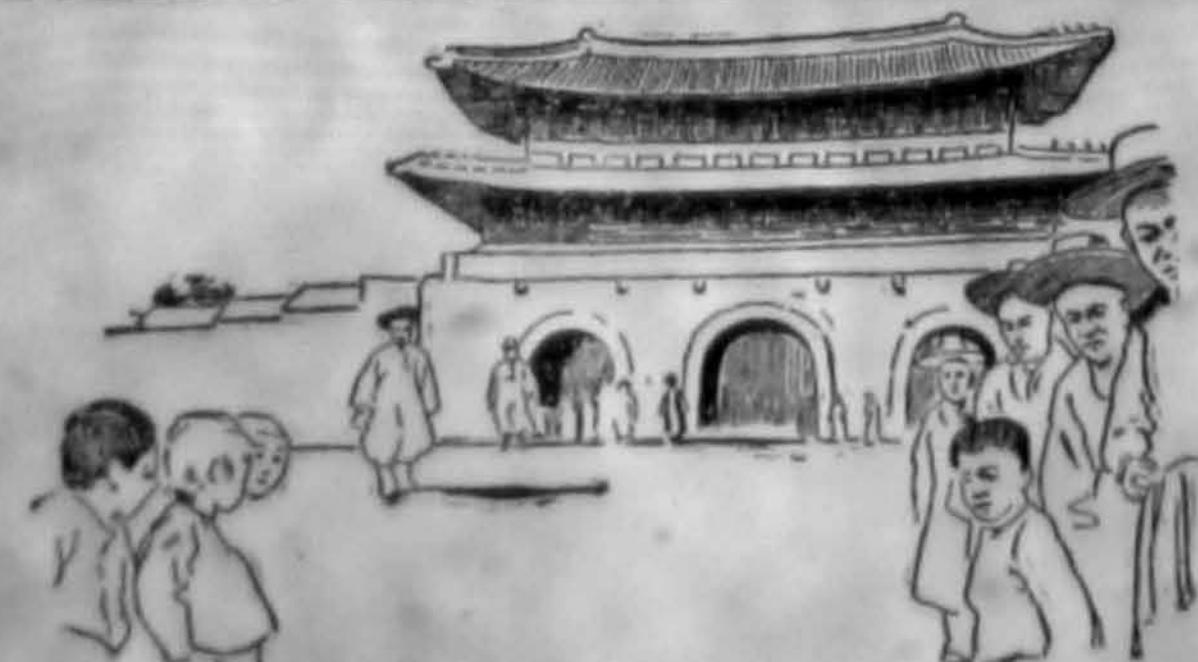
The King's palaces cover nearly one thousand acres. They lie at the foot of a ragged gray mountain, and a thick wall of stone as high as a two-story house runs around them. This wall is entered by a half dozen great gates, at which, day and night, soldiers are stationed to see that only the proper people go in. Each gate has its own rank, and there are special entrances for servants and low nobles. The great central gate is reserved for the highest. It has three doors, and the middle of them is kept for royalty alone, and only kings and princes are supposed to go through it. I see that the papers state that General Clarence Great-house, the King's foreign adviser, is



ON THE WAY TO THE KING.

the only American who ever entered the palace city through this door. This is not true. The same honor was accorded last May to Minister Sill, Dr. H. N. Allen and also to me.

This is how it happened: The Korean officials, who put on great airs, have been trying to lessen the rank of foreigners in the eyes of the people. They have made a back entrance to the palace for them, and they proposed to inaugurate this by thus letting in our new Minister, Mr. Sill, who had arrived in Korea during my stay. Minister Sill, however, refused to accept their proposition. He said he represented the President of the United States, and that our President was as big as any king on the globe. If there was a gate for kings he thought he ought to go through it, and he sent word to the department that he would come at the time appointed to this big gate, and if he was not admitted there he would return to his legation. This message made the faces of the King's officials turn from the color of Jersey cream to that of skimmed milk. They saw that there would be trouble and they referred the matter to the King. Now, his Majesty has more brains than all



THE KING'S GATE, THROUGH WHICH MINISTER SILL ENTERED THE PALACE.

of his ministers. He is packed full of common sense, and he at once became very angry. He not only said that the Minister should go through the chief gate, but he sent his own chair and servants in order that he might ride there in state. I don't know that he remembered me from my past interview, but he was told I wanted to meet him and he said that he would give me a special audience after that of the Minister was over.

I wish I could show you how we marched through the city on our way to the King. Our procession of soldiers and servants was at least one hundred feet long, and we rode in

chairs borne by big-hatted coolies. The King's chair shone like gold in its brass trimmings, and it had mahogany panels. My chair was covered with navy blue silk, and Dr. Allen rode in a gorgeous sedan of green. We had a couple of Korean nobles to go with us as interpreters, and these were gorgeously dressed. The Minister, Dr. Allen and myself had on plug hats, boiled shirts and swallow-tail coats. The servants who came from the palace were dressed in white gowns, belted in at the waist, with ashes of green. The soldiers wore blue coats and plum-colored pants, and out of the back of their black fur hats were tassels of the brightest vermillion, each of which was as big as a fly brush. Oh, it was gay!

In this way we went down the Pennsylvania avenue of Seoul. Our keos ran in front and howled out to the



UNITED STATES LEGATION AT SEOUL, KOREA.

common people to get out of the way for the great men who came. Men and women were crowded up to the walls.

Bullock carts were driven down the side streets with a rush. The people who smoked took their pipes out of their mouths and held them behind them. Women with green coats over their heads scampered into their houses, and the eyes of all were so stretched out at the sight that they lost their almond shape and became circular in wonder. It was so till we reached the gate of the palace. Here our soldiers put down the chairs, and, accompanied by our pompous Korean interpreters, we walked toward the gate. Midway on the platform we were met by one of the high officials of the King, clad in a gorgeous green gown, with a stork of white silk embroidered on a background of gold a foot square upon his breast. He had a similar square of embroidery upon his back, and as I looked at him it struck me that with a good revolver a man could kill both of these embroidered birds at the same time. He had about his waist a hoop of what seemed to be shell or horn, studded with precious stones, and he was accompanied by servants, who held up his arms and sort of lifted him along the way. This was not because he could not walk, but it better showed his rank and style. He bowed low. We bowed, and after a short interval of diplomatic taffy-giving he led the way up to the central gate of the palace and motioned the Minister to walk through the main entrance. He then went through one of the side gates, and four interpreters followed him. Dr. Allen and myself were walking with the Minister. Said the doctor, "He seems to intend that I shall go through the main gate, too." "Well, doctor," said I, "I think I will stick to the party, and though I have no official rank, I'll see how it feels to walk the path that has only been trodden by the feet of kings." I had not forgotten that I was an American prince. And so we three representatives of the royalty of the United States marched through the temple-like entrance. The act in itself seems little in America, but it was a great thing in Korea, and everywhere I went

ings in which live the King and his servants, until we came to a great gate, the side door of which alone was opened. The central door was closed. The Secretary of the Home Office stepped through the side gate and expected us to follow. We had gotten used, however, to the arch of honor, and we stopped and waited for the main gate to be opened. The Secretary thereupon changed his mind. He came back and was practically lifted by his servants to the top of a hill where there was a new gate, and he led us through this. This brought us into the vestibule built for the foreigners. It was a magnificent corridor, so long that you could not see the end as you stood at the top and looked down it. It was lighted at the top and on both sides by beautiful lattices of white paper. The woodwork was papered with this

wonderful Korean paper, which is as smooth as ivory and as strong as leather. The floor was covered with matting as fine as the web of a Panama hat, and so thick that our feet sank as softly into it as they would have done had it been Brussels carpet. This corridor had many landings. We descended from one to another by easy steps, and after a walk of perhaps a quarter of a mile, we came out of it into an open hall, which looked out upon the gardens of the King, and gave a view of the new palace in the distance.

This room was furnished in foreign style, and the highest officials of the King and a number of great nobles of the court were gathered within. Each noble had his servant with him. Tall, broad-shouldered men, clad in brown gowns and gorgeous hats, stood about as guards. These are known as the brown-coated keos. They are the body-guard of the King and, like the famed soldiers of Peter the Great, have been picked out for their height and strength. Nearly every one of them is over six feet, and their long gowns make them look like giants. In addition to these, there were servants in red caps, servants in caps of purple and servants with gorgeous head-dressings of blue. The officials were clad in their court dresses, and the head of each showed a topknot shining through its fine Korean cap of horse-hair, which, with its great wings flapping out at the sides, forms the official head-dress. These wings are oval in shape, and they stand out like ears, denoting that their owners are ever listening for the commands of the King. The gowns of these officials were of the finest silk, made very full. They fell from their necks to their feet, and nearly covered the great official cloth boots, which made each man look as though he had the gout and was nursing his feet for the occasion. The gowns were of dark green, embroidered with gold on the breast and back, and containing white storks or tigers, according as the man belonged to the civil or military rank.

These men are all very dignified. We were introduced all around by the Cabinet Minister who conducted us into the room, and we then sat down table upon which were plates filled with assorted cookies about the size of macaroons. At each man's seat there were champagne glasses, and the servants opened a half dozen or so of cold bottles while we chatted and waited. The American Minister had his presentation first. He spent about half an hour with his Majesty, and then one of the English-speaking officials came into this room and told me that the King was ready to see me. Taking off my hat and my eyeglasses I walked with this man through long passageways, walled with stone, by red-capped, red-gowned servants, and past soldiers in gorgeous uniforms to the gate of a large courtyard. As we neared this my interpreter, who was a high official noble, bent his head over, and his face looked like that of a man in pain at a funeral. As we entered the court he bent half double, and as I looked across it, I saw that there was a large open hall facing us. This hall had a massive roof of heavy tiles, and at the front of it there were a number of big round pillars painted red. There were three entrances to it, reached by granite steps guarded by stone dogs, and the floor was, I judge, about six feet from the ground. Within this hall, in front of a Korean screen, stood the King, with two eunuchs on each side of him holding up his arms. And about him were a number of officials, who bent over half double and dared not look at him for reverence. All of these officials had these gorgeous storks, or

tigers, on their breasts, and they looked at me out of the tails of their eyes as I came up. My interpreter got down on his knees as he got to the steps. He crawled along the floor to the front of the King and bumped his head upon the carpet. He then bent himself over half double and remained in that position during the whole of the interview, whispering in tones of awe his Majesty's sentences to me and my questions to him.

The King was dressed in a gown of crimson silk, cut high at the neck, and embroidered with gold medallions as big around as a tea plate. There was one of these medallions on each of his shoulders, and one covered each side of the gown at about where the fifth rib is supposed to be located. This gown reached to his feet. It was gorgeous beyond description and it harmonized with his cream-colored complexion. The sleeves of the gown were very full, and out of them a pair of delicate shapely hands came from time to time, and clasped each other nervously. On one of his fingers I noticed a magnificent diamond ring, and it seemed to me as though the great solitaire must cut his fingers, as he clasped and unclasped his hands, now folding them together, and now pulling one finger after the other, as though he would crack the joints. He shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion as I came up. I bowed, and I looked him straight in the eye while we talked together. I was not more than five feet away from him, and there was a little table between us. Above us shone the incandescent globes of the Edison electric light, and there was a European carpet on the floor.

The audience was largely given up to the passing of compliments, and it lasted, I judge, about twenty minutes. During it I had a good opportunity to study the King, and I photographed, as it were, his form and features upon my brain. He is about five feet six inches in height. He is well built, but not heavy. He has beautiful bright black almond eyes, a complexion the color of rich Jersey cream, and teeth as white as the tusks of an African elephant. His face is full, and it shines with intelligence. He has a thin mustache and a few hairs of black whiskers. He smiled frequently, and now and then he laughed melodiously. He seemed to have a stone of about the size of a boy's lucky stone in his mouth while he talked, and this from time to time got between his



A KOREAN STATESMAN.

teeth while he listened. When he spoke it sunk back into his mouth, taking the place of an old maid's plumper, or the tobacco quid of one of our Congressmen. I don't know why he uses this stone, and I am not altogether sure that it was a stone. It seemed too hard for wax, and chewing gum has not yet been introduced into Korea. The King of Korea is now forty-two years old, and he is in good physical condition. He is one of the ablest rulers Korea has ever had, and there is no harder-worked monarch on the face of the globe.

His troubles to-day come from his officials. He had been so bound round by them that he did not know the condition of his people, and he has been hedged in as was the Mikado of Japan a generation ago. You cannot imagine the pomp of this King. No one can go in front of him. He never moves about the palace without there are eunuchs at his side to hold up his arms, and the officials must get down on all fours and bump their heads on the floor whenever he comes into their presence. He spends his nights in working and he sleeps in the daytime. He goes to bed at 8 o'clock every morning and no one dare wake him. About his rooms guards are stationed, and all the conversation that is carried on near him must be in a whisper. He usually remains in bed until half-past five in the afternoon and in quiet times he begins his work in the palace when the watch fires are lighted on the mountains about Seoul. These notify him that all is well throughout the country, or the reverse. These signal fires take the place of the telegraph, and from hill to hill all over

the kingdom the character of the fire flashes dispatches describing the condition of the people. It is the telegraph system of the middle ages, and has been in daily use in Korea till the Japanese took possession of the land a few months ago.

## Two Strange Animals.

A correspondent has secured excellent photographs of two strange animals that have but recently been placed in the Dresden Royal "Zoo," the one the viverrid cat is an importation from Africa, the other, the raccoon dog, hails from Asia. Both are related to the marten family.

A professor of Leipzig University who has been instructed to report on



QUEEREST DOG ON RECORD.

the animals, gave the correspondent the following information regarding them:

The cat seems to be a cross between the wild genet cat and a marten. It has a silky, yellowish coat, dotted black, and is a dangerous foe to all animals on four legs, and birds smaller than itself. When hunting for game the genet cat executes snake-like movements, often creeping along on its stomach. It kills seemingly for the pleasure of killing as much as for the purpose of obtaining food. No animal compares with this cat in quickness of action, suddenness of attack and bloodthirstiness. Its zoo



AN EXTRAORDINARY CAT.

logical name is viverra genetia, genetia senegalensis.

In the captivity of the Zoo the new comer has so far behaved very well. All day long it lies asleep, the face almost hidden under its bushy tail; a dusk, however, it becomes exceedingly lively and excitable; a small bird flying past its cage is liable to arouse its ferocious nature to such an extent as to render it dangerous to man and beast to enter the cage.

The raccoon dog is a native of East Asia, known to science as canis procyonoides. He is supposed to be the "missing link" between the dog and the marten families. His head shows the characteristics of the latter, the body and legs are similar to those of a young wolf. The legs appear to be too weak for the body.

The raccoon dog, like the genet cat is eminently a beast of the night. It sleeps as long as the sun shines, but all night paces up and down the cage trying for a loophole of escape and becoming excited when domesticated animals, such as dogs or cats, pass.

## A Queer Bird.

Describing the visit of a number of scientists to the island of San Clemente, off the coast of Southern California, the San Francisco Chronicle says:



WHITE-BELLIED, RACKET-TAILED HUMMINGBIRD OF SAN CLEMENTE.

One of the queer birds not found on the mainland is the white-bellied racket-tailed hummingbird. It has brilliant plumage, and its long, odd shaped tail closely resembles the form of the latest style of tennis racket. The bird is a rapid flyer. It is very pugnacious, and never hesitates to attack larger birds, the quickness of its flight protecting it from its larger antagonists.



## What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola,  
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchel,  
Conway, Ark.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,  
Boston, Mass.  
Allen C. Smith, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

## Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

**Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.**

**—YOU MUST EAT—**

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

**GENERAL GROCERIES.**

**CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES**

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

**REASON POCKET HEALTH**

(West End of Bridge.)

**P. GOLDEN,  
Marlinton, W. Va.**



**IT TICKLES YOU**  
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM  
**LIGHTNING  
HOT DROPS.**

**CURES** Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux,  
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.  
**HEALS** Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,  
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.  
**BREAKS UP** Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,  
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.  
**SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.  
**HERB MEDICINE CO.** (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

### Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-sprain, curb, poll-evil, fistula, and heaves. Serious, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eddred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address: **T. J. WILLIAMS,**  
Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

**G. C. AMLUNG,**  
FASHIONABLE  
**BOOT AND SHOEMAKER**

EDRAY, VA

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.  
Mending neatly done.  
Give me a call.

One of the surprising things of this world is the respect a worthless man has for himself.

For the TIMES.

### The Miller's Will.

A famous old miller lived over the way,  
His three sons looked for his death each day.  
He was old and stiff and he made his will,  
And he had to dispose of his old grist mill.

He called to his bedside his eldest son,  
And he said to the youngster, "My race is run,  
What sort of a miller, now, would you make?  
Pray tell me, my boy, what toll you'd take?"

"Father, as sure as my name is Teck,  
Of every last bushel I'd take a peck."  
The old man sighed and shook his head,  
"You'd starve to death," was all he said.

Next he called up his second son  
And asked him the same as the other one.  
"Father," he answered, "my name is Gaff,  
Of every last bushel I'd take the half."

The old man sighed and shook his head,  
"You'd make no money," was all he said.  
But he called his last and youngest son,  
To answer the question as all had done.

"Father, as sure as my name is Jack,  
I'd cabbage the grain and swear to the sack!"  
Then "Hallelujah!" the old man said,  
"The business will prosper when I am dead!"

Edray, W. Va. SUSIE MANN.

Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Linwood, Pocahontas county, was here on Tuesday. He had been spending about two weeks in Augusta, and left for West Virginia Friday. Speaking of the Confederate Camp, of which he is commander, he says that efforts will shortly be made to have the remains of all Confederate soldiers buried in the county exhumed and re-interred in one place and a monument erected to their memory. Why cannot this be done in Bath?—Bath News.

### The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

### THE SOLE

will outwear any \$6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. GOLDEN,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

## In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

## Brown's Iron Bitters

### It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,  
Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood,  
Malaria, Nervous ailments,  
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—It has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are imitations. On receipt of two or three stamps we will send you a copy of our new book—*The Fair View of Health*—free.

### Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Jannie B. Skiles, et al., def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for \$500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,  
R. S. TURK, p. q. Clerk.

### Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Hithrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$107.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Hithrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Hithrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,  
(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,  
for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. H. Beverage and Fant Armstrong. Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,  
Trustee.  
Jan. 25, 1895.

## Get the News at the Lowest Price.

The DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address: THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Heyner and S. E. Heyner his wife S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and a record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 251, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Heyner, for \$500 with interest thereon from the 7th day of July, 1894, payable to T. W. G. French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895, between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Leeburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Heyner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book No. 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular description of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.  
ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.  
Attorney.

### Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,  
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.  
James M. Simmons,  
vs.  
R. H. Simmons, et al.

In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.  
Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.  
Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,  
Commissioner.

[1-11-95-41]

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons. In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON,  
[1-11-95-41] Commissioner.

### Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.  
vs.  
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, on testaments of George C. Hill, dec'd.  
2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1894, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personality of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be reimbursed as creditor against the real estate of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend. L. M. MCCLINTIC,  
[1-11-95-41] Commissioner.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 28.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, J. O. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.  
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,  
G. M. Kee,  
A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
Coroner, George P. Moore.  
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split  
Rock; Charles Cook, H. H.  
Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,  
Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;  
Thomas Bruffey, Lohelia.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.  
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBICKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

## PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

RESIDENCED AT  
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

AMERICA is supposed to have the least formal tribunals as far as manners in the court room goes. Even the heathen potentate, sitting in his mud hut, dispensing justice clothed in a breech cloth is all circumstance and pomp. There is no such things as a complainant in his court—the suppliant supplies his place. Everything is abased before his majesty, the black judge, a regular "Niggerdemus" for justice. In England the judge, officers, barristers are all clothed in great gowns, and tremendous wigs, distinguishing them from the herd in the court-room. In these regiments the case is tried in a very pompous and dignified manner. A story is told of a foreigner in an Irish court, on trial for a crime, who had never seen a judge wearing a gown. Being a foreigner an interpreter was required. Some conversation passed which was not given to the court. The judge demanded to know what had been said. It took some threatening to get it out of the interpreter. Finally he said that the prisoner had asked "Who was that old woman sitting up there." "Well, what did you answer?" "If yer honor please, I said, whist, that's the old devil who goin' to hang ye." It needs no especial dress or stately bearing to impress the people in our courts. They feel their helplessness and the solemnity of the occasion to the last degree. And we doubt but what a victim of Judge Lynch's power has been awed by the stern but informal proceedings so that he does not think whether the crowd has a right to hang him or not, but whether he is innocent or guilty, the very feeling he would have in the highest court in the land. Our circuit courts are the most formal of any of our county courts; in our magistrates', the court unbends enough to give the counsel for the plaintiff a light from his cigar, in order that the work may proceed under the soothing effect of tobacco smoke. Once in the history of our county, two attorneys made for one another evidently intending to annihilate each other, but they both lived to a good old age nevertheless. Occasionally from over the State we hear of attorneys having little "scraps" in court, in fact it would seem that they are much more apt to fight under the eye of the judge, who can order them to different cells in the jail, than elsewhere, when they would have nobody to separate them, before the affray became serious. There is one formality which exists and which snacks of the old country, and that is the judge's putting on a black cap to pronounce the death sentence, which is generally done by judges. There has never been the occasion in our county in the seventy odd years of its existence, thank heaven. As for what may take place in a court-room, an amusing incident of a harmless interruption comes from the southern part of West Virginia, which has probably never been in print before. A distinguished city lawyer was in one of those counties to appear in the trial of an important case. It was summer time. The judge of the circuit was perched upon a box. The court-room had a dirt floor. The court was deep in the case, with the jury listening attentively. Presently the door was darkened, and the lawyer looked around to see a man standing

in the door holding up to view something which seemed bloody. "Hello," said the Judge, "what have you got there?" "A flesh!" Judge, aint he a daisy!" "Yes, bring him here and let's see him!" The monster trout was brought, and the judge, jury, and attorneys all handled, punched its sides, and got all fishy. The judge presently ordered it to be taken away, and the trial proceeded. The fish had been caught near by, and of course had to be shown the judge, who is indeed a popular idol at court times. Ten to one that judge got that fish for supper, securing forever, the man's vote who showed it to him in the court-room.

THE country has been much interested in the strike of the carmen employed on the street car lines in Brooklyn. Many thousands of men went out and tried to stop by force the electric cars operated by the host of new inexperienced men who were employed by the companies. First, however, it was found that the green hands could not stop the cars themselves when they wanted to, and they went smashing into everything. The militia was called out, and for several days it looked as though there would be much blood shed. Things have quieted down and the result is that the strikers are out of employment for the rest of the winter. Much suffering will ensue. The companies had an awful time. A mandamus was issued compelling them to run their cars, and they felt as though they could neither go or stay. A few weeks ago John Burns came over from England and said that striking was the road to success, but nine out of ten strikes in America are failures.

Is it not a serious thing to consider that one political party lives on the mistakes of the other, and when the opposite party is about to do the country an injury, hardly a statesman, there is, who, had he the physical power, would stretch out his hand to save the country, and prevent his enemies from going over the precipice.

## State and General News Items.

BOTH Tucker and Yost claim to have gained by the recount of the vote of Rockbridge County.

THE M. P. Church outnumbers any other in membership in Lewis County.

NIDHOOF killed Wychoff, last week, in Hinton. There was a woman in it.

TUCKER COUNTY has twelve resident lawyers, of whom six live at the county-seat.

MUCH feeling has been engendered in Monroe County by the murder committed there recently.

The president of the Broadus College, at Clarksburg, has resigned.

A CLOVE will remove the smell of intoxicants from the breath.—*Wheeling Register.*

MISS FLORE FAEMAR, a lovely blonde, of New York city, kicked the policeman in the eye when he went to arrest her for being drunk.

In Virginia they have a way of allowing titles to descend. Thus when a Brigadier-General dies his son assumes the title.

THE damage done to the fruit crop of Florida by the freeze was wonderfully overestimated. It does not even affect the growers' income seriously.

THE Goodman trial will be held in Albermarle County, Va., owing to the change of venue, and will probably be reached by the last of March.

PNEUMATIC saddles for riding horses are now the thing. The movements of the rider do not affect the horse. The gain is estimated to be fifteen per cent.

DEWING & SONS, the lumber operators, did not lose any very considerable amount of timber by the breaking of their booms at the mouth of Cheat. Newspapers are prone to exaggerate.

If a judicial district is formed of the counties of Webster, Randolph, and Pocahontas, the judge will be delighted to find three brand new court-houses to cheer him on his way.

A CITIZEN of Webster has a black bear which has been "holed up" in a hollow log in the yard all winter. It came out recently for a little more "kiver," and when given some straw went back to quarters.

ALL employees of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, receiving less than \$30 per month, had their salaries reduced ten per cent. "Strike! ere the warning time expires! Strike! for the green-backs of your shirt! Strike! till the president retires, disgusted with his conduct."

In Rockbridge County, Va., a negro was found secreted in a bureau. The Constable winded him as soon as he entered the house, but his nose not being so good, being a little out of training, it was some time before he found the right point. The negro was wanted for a felony, having stolen four bushels of clover seed, worth about thirty dollars.

THE particulars of the death by freezing of the two men named Arbogast, in Pendleton County, are very sad. It was the night of the 12th of January, the coldest of twenty years, and the hunters had followed a deer several miles. They killed the deer and started to return. They abandoned their game. One sank down and was dragged and carried by the other a long distance. He had to leave him finally propped against a tree, where he was found dead, with his faithful dog lying beside him frozen stiff. The other reached the camp, but was frozen so severely that he will die.

HERE are some of the mild things Dr. Parkhurst told the people of Chicago:

"Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery"—these are ethical chestnuts, but they laid out Tammany."

"A lying, perjured, rum-soaked, libidinous lot."

"Purgatory to politicians and chronic crucifixion to bosses."

"Damnable pack of administrative bloodhounds."

Dr. Parkhurst is just now busily engaged in turning rascals out that other rascals may come in. He turned a rascal out and elected Mayor Strong, and in the first month Mayor Strong opened the saloons on Sunday without consulting Dr. Parkhurst, two things that Dr. Parkhurst said he could not understand.

## A Letter from Charleston.

CHARLESTON, W. VA. }  
January 28, 1895. }

*Editor Times:*—The work of the present Legislature, like as in all legislative bodies, has been slow and to a considerable extent very much mixed, especially that portion relating to bills and resolutions. I cannot say this so far as the political complexion is concerned, for we are not very much mixed in that particular, for it seems the House is nearly all Republican, and we Democrats form a very small group upon the floor of that House.

There have been introduced already over two hundred bills, and quite a number of resolutions concerning matters of the House, as well as a number of joint resolutions.

These bills and resolutions have been more than proportionately large from the Republican side of the House, the Democrats being contented and willing that their Republican brethren should have a full and fair sweep. These matters of legislation are very varied in their purposes, and, in many respects, incomprehensible in their results, and the gradation extending from matters of the greatest magnitude, as, for instance, the resolution in regard to the Virginia State Debt, down to a bill providing for the protection of pole-cats.

The nomination and election of a United States Senator was a foregone conclusion, and nobody disappointed, except a very large element in the Republican party who sing mum because they had to accept the situation as the inevitable. There was quite a considerable anti-Elkins element at first, but this all simmered down and disappeared under the party lash, so that by the time the caucus convened everything appeared as though there had never been any statesman in West Virginia save the Honorable Stephen B. Elkins.

At the first of the session the indications were that the Republican majority were going to run the most radical machinery in their legislation, but I think that upon more mature reflection they will, to some extent, change the programme and run a more conservative course. But a little more time will develop, more definitely, what they design accomplishing in this session of the Legislature.

The appointment of committees was very arbitrarily done and in a way that looked as if the minority of the committees were to suffer more or less disappointment and humiliation. Your representative was placed upon the following committees, viz: "Penitentiary," "Railroads," and "Counties, Districts, and Municipal Corporations," and subsequently taken off of Railroads and placed on the Committee on Education.

There is a good deal said in relation to the propriety or impropriety of a Constitutional Convention. I am not advised as to what the feeling is, pro or con, but so far as I am concerned, I doubt very much the propriety of it just now, for, as I think, obvious reasons, but of which I shall not now take time to outline.

With this hastily prepared synopsis of legislative work, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. P. MOGMAU.

If I could count the snowflakes  
That are falling from the sky,  
I'd know addition all by heart  
And how to multiply!

And Teacher'd say,  
"Why little Nell,  
I'm s'prised to hear  
You count so well."  
—Selected.

COL. JOHN A. COCKERILL goes to Japan as the correspondent of the New York Herald. He is to write up the China-Japan war on a salary of \$17,000 a year. This is almost as good a thing as running a country newspaper.



Bullington Booth says that the Salvation Army has grown in twenty-eight years from two persons to over a million.

High United States had as great a relative population as Japan, they would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

"The Comte de Paris is dead and with him dies forever the hopes of the French Monarchists," exclaims the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Cleveland (Ohio) dry goods merchant is proposing to pay his salesmen a commission on the goods sold by each instead of a fixed salary. He says that the most of them would profit by the arrangement, and he expects no serious opposition to the plan on the part of the employees. He will pay six per cent.

The young woman who insisted upon using a Jersey Central Railway pass on a Pennsylvania Railroad train is a living document in the mass of papers bearing on the subject of woman's equality with man. After having threatened the conductor, delayed the train, wept, made the passengers unhappy, she finally paid her fare and the business of the railroad was resumed. Could a man do that? asks the New York Sun.

Perhaps every part of this country that saw the infancy of the railway has traditions, suggests the New York Sun, of men that sat waiting with shot guns to prevent the engineers from surveying on their lands, and many a town of arrested development owes its despicability to some such opposition to early railways. The history of that time is now repeating itself in the opposition of folks here and there to the sudden extension of electric railways. The danger of frightening horses and the inconvenience to teamsters in a public road partly occupied by an electric railway are some of the arguments advanced against this new factor in civilization.

There is no accounting for tastes! A dentist died in a rural town in England a few days ago after spending fifty years in pulling the molars of his fellow-citizens. He had made it a hobby to keep all the teeth which he had drawn in the course of his professional career, and took great pride in the collection. When his will was opened it was found that he had ordered the collection of teeth to be placed with him in his coffin for burial. His heirs fulfilled his command, and almost 30,000 were put into the coffin with the dead dentist. If some archaeologists of a future century shall happen to open the grave he will have "food for thought" and some difficulty, perhaps, in explaining the presence of so many teeth.

Says the New York Tribune: "Christianity appeared in Korea in advance of missionaries in 1777, some of the natives having received Christian books translated from the Chinese, in which the Jesuit precepts and teachings were set forth. In 1794 a Chinese Jesuit went thither and organized a little company of the faithful, but in 1801 he was slain. Thereafter, for thirty years, no missionaries came; but in 1835 they appeared again, French Jesuits this time, disguised as mourners, which in the Korean cities keep to the obscure thoroughfares, and neither speak nor are spoken to by others. They ministered secretly to the little flock which remained, performing their religious ceremonies at dead of night in the Christian houses, but in 1839 were found out, and they, too, were destroyed. After an interval others came, and in 1865 these were also sacrificed, together with a considerable number of believers, men, women and children, who were offered pardon if they would abjure their faith, but not one was found to do this, and they were all beheaded. Since 1865 Christian mission work, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been unimpeded, but this recital of its initial steps will serve to show the bitterness of the way these travelers and the courage, fortitude and fidelity of the early workers there. If the blood of the martyrs is yet the seed of the Church the harvest is that far-off and mysterious land ought to be an abundant one."

#### WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born,  
Or if my parents were rich or poor;  
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,  
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.  
But whether I live an honest man,  
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,  
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay  
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;  
Whether in youth I am called away,  
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.  
But whether I do the best I can  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,  
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,  
Or on the land or on the sea,  
By purring brook or 'neath stormy wave;  
It matters little or naught to me.  
But whether the Angel of Death comes down  
And marks my brow with his loving touch,  
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,  
It matters much!

—From the Swedish.

#### DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVER.



ND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous!"

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is, Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

Captain Renwick answered promptly. "My sweetheart!"

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wildernesses!" gushed Kenneth. "The fairest of Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick.

"She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fanny, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the Lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I—'fancy my idiosyncrasy!—if you will just row me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And she?" said Joyce.

"Rowed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It wasn't my darter,' says he; 'it was Miss Perry.' Well, then I met her at the picnic. We waited together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I apologized," said Captain Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a perfect beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusions, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—"

"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously. "Do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is?" If pneumonia should set in after this exposure—

Captain Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a little apprehensive.

"Mamma," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kenneth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the neither millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

"My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigal son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nilesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend, who will do me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

"Mother, I won't," stonily declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?"

"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he choose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

All that moment, however, there was a slight rustle down stairs.

"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken, I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.

"Please, me, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, starting at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.

"I am sorry to hear of your illness, Captain Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful blonde sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Captain Renwick was struck dumb. An electric thrill seemed to dart through every pulse and vein. But Joyce's eyes sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?"

Doctor Barton nodded, still intent on the emerald face of her watch.

"Pernella Barton. They call me Perry for short. Captain Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor?" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Doctor Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her notebook. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Captain Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain. Pneumonia did not set in after all. Doctor Barton proved a true prophet and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart.

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?"

"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered: "and the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—"

"You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and, when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

#### A Much Traveled Cat.

"I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn puss went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 390 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Chinese and Music.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earthenware and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father. —Philadelphia Press.

#### Some Remarkable Cases.

Here are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; and a deaf sheep-raunchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and dug. —Victoria (British Columbia) Home Journal.

#### CHEAPEST AND BEST FOOD.

INSTRUCTIVE BULLETINS BY THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Great Waste in Buying and Cooking Food—The Nutrition in Various Kinds of Food—Man's Need.

HOW will the coming man be fed?

The Department of Agriculture has become interested in this question newly, and before long will publish a series of bulletins on the subject. They will be prepared by such well-known experts in this branch of research as Professor W. O. Water and Dr. Edward Atkinson. The former gentleman has been engaged to conduct certain investigations and experiments of an original and highly scientific character. At the bottom of the whole inquiry lies the fact that the people of this country do not know how to choose the foods they eat or how to cook them afterwards. This burden of ignorance falls most heavily upon the wage-workers, who, taking an average among them, use one-half of their money to buy food with, this estimate not including the cost of cooking. The poor man wastes in purchasing provender; his wife wastes in preparing it for the table.

Dealers say that the demand for fish is actually increased to a considerable extent by the popular belief that it is good brain food. The reason for this is supposed to be that fish contains a great deal of phosphorus, an element that is more abundant in the brain and nerves than in other parts of the human body. But the fact is that there is no special abundance of phosphorus in fish. If there were, it would be of no importance. The widely circulated phrase, "Without phosphorus there is no thought," was originated by a German half in jest.

On one occasion the elder Agassiz delivered a lecture on the importance of fish culture—it was in Boston—and remarked in a joking way that fish was an excellent brain food. From this saying and from the oft-quoted phrase of the German scientist above referred to has been derived the accepted idea on this subject. In truth, there is no cause whatever for believing that the eating of fish promises cerebral activity. But, speaking of the relative value of foods, it is interesting to know that a pound of lean beef and a quart of milk as it comes from the cow contains about the same amount of nutritive material. However, the nutrients in beef are more valuable for ordinary use. Professor Atwater has invented a new contrivance for measuring the energy produced by various foods. The food selected for trial—a definite quantity of it—is burned in a vessel surrounded by water. A thermometer of extraordinary delicacy registers the rise in the temperature of the water, the quantity of which is known. Then an equal amount of the same food is burned in the human body. Of course, all food digested undergoes a process of chemical combustion.

It is a self-evident proposition that the cheapest food to buy is that which contains the greatest amount of nutriment for a given price. With a small equipment of knowledge on this subject the poor man could select his articles of diet in the market with a vastly greater economy. In other words, he could live much better for less money. He ought to be taught to select such foods as wheat flour, corn meal, beans, milk and the cheaper cuts of meats. To start with, it is not easy for him to realize that high-priced foods are in general uneconomical. The maxim that the best is cheapest does not apply to foods.

The average man, leading a moderately active life, requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He consumes thirty-seven ounces of water and absorbs in breathing thirty ounces of oxygen from the air. His total bodily income, therefore, is about eight pounds daily. What he needs for his support each day is four and one-fifth ounces of flesh-forming albumen, two ounces of fat—enough to make a fair-sized candle—seventeen and a half ounces of sugar and starch, four-fifths of an ounce of mineral matters—such as common salt, potassium, etc.—two quarts of water and 159 gallons of oxygen. So much water is contained in solid foods that we may be said to eat as much water as we drink. In order to supply the substances above mentioned, a man should eat daily twenty ounces of bread, eight ounces of beefsteak, thirty ounces of potatoes and one ounce of butter, with one quart of water—or the equivalent. A human being is composed mostly of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds or forty-six quarts of water. To complete his makeup must be added thirteen pounds of albumen, ten pounds of gelatine, twenty-three pounds of fat, eight and a half pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of fluoride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesia, a trifle of chloride of potassium and a little ordinary table salt. —Washington Star.

The Odd Fellows of Mississippi have decided to build a home for the helpless ones of that Order.



## WILD DUCKS

### EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD WESTERN HUNTER.

Nothing in Wild Fowling to Equal the Charm of Chasing the Teal and the Mallard—Various Ways of Hunting Them.

WHILE the lover of grouse shooting looks forward with fondest anticipations to the open season when he can pursue his favorite game, the pleasures he finds are not to be compared to those enjoyed by the hardy duck shooter. The latter is like the war horse which sniffs the battle from afar, for the leaden sky, the cool nights and the north winds are messengers to him telling him that the ducks will soon come. The discomforts and inconveniences he has to endure are among the sweetest of his recollections when he recalls the time he had among wild fowl. There is a rare charm about duck shooting which lessens all other shooting in the mind of the wild fowler. Tell to him the delights of woodcock shooting and he will say: "Bosh! who wants to tramp in the island underbrush, where the mosquitoes are claiming possession of the land, and are singing the war cry of their tribes in your ears, or worse still, thrusting a bill into your faces and boring you outrageously?" But ask him to go duck shooting and his soul responds to your invitation, and he will tell you he has patched his rubber boots, has hidden his corduroy suit lest his wife should have the dirt and stains washed from it, has had shells loaded weeks before, and is ready to go on the shortest notice.

The season for duck shooting begins September 1 in the Northern and Western States, and when the day begins to break on that eventful date the marshes are disturbed here and there with splashing oars and creaking reeds which tell of the presence of many hunters.

The teal are among the first water fowl to afford good shooting. They are distinguished as the blue and green wing. The former are the larger and usually the more scarce. They are dainty little ones and love to bask in the sunshine of the marshes, or sit on some round bar, which one often sees in the winding creeks and sloughs. They seldom fly in pairs during the fall, but feed in large flocks, and, as they swoop past the hunter's blind, a single discharge of the gun often results in the killing of from three to a half dozen birds. They love to drop into the little open place, which, from an elevation, gleam like silver in the bunches of rushes, and as the birds swoop along they will suddenly flit and dart, dropping into their watery coasts with a gentle splash, or as softly as feathers drifting into the sea.

Teal shooting can only be enjoyed when one has a good retriever in the marsh. Of course if the flight is such that the birds fly over the open water, then a boat answers as well or better than a dog. But generally the birds dart over the rush tops, and as they go with great velocity they are frequently killed so they drop into the rushes and wild rice, where it is utterly impossible to recover them without a retriever. While the teal are difficult to hit on account of the great speed with which they fly, they are not tenacious of life and succumb to slight blows. The skillful hunter understands the necessity of holding his gun well ahead of the birds, for, while he knows the velocity of shot is much

often mistaken for it, for after the hunter has killed the bird he finds his mistake when picking the duck up. The gray ducks decoy splendidly and the wild fowler who is shooting mallards over decoys is always sure to have among his birds a good number of them. Their call is very similar to the mallard, but it is shriller and of a tenor tone, whereas, when a mallard opens up her throat and utters her loud quack, quack, quack, noisy at first and dying away gradually with each succeeding quack, the cry causes the hunter to clutch his gun nervously, for there is a something in it that makes his blood tingle.

Mallard shooting begins at the open-

ing in this way, for the birds may change their line of flight, being frightened by some hunter who in his desire for birds forgets, if he ever knew, that there is an etiquette which established rules hold sacred among men in the field as well as at other places.

The third and best way of shooting mallards is over decoys. These decoys are made of wood or rubber and imitate in appearance the kind of duck the wild fowler is seeking. Care should be taken in setting out these decoys, for they must simulate as nearly as possible the living birds in their habits and peculiarities. Ducks always alight against the wind, and



JUMPING BLUE WING TEAL.

ing of the season, and as these ducks breed in the marshes of the Northern States it is not unusual in Northern Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin to see a mallard with her brood in many of the little prairie ponds or sloughs where the rushes afford protection from prowling animals. At one time while hunting pinnated grouse in Eastern Iowa early in August my dog, which was an excellent one, came to a stand-point at the edge of a slough. I supposed he had found a covey of pinnated grouse. On being urged on he pounced upon a young mallard duck and then he successively brought me six or eight which were two-thirds grown.

Mallards do not vary much in size; the males are larger and handsomer



GREEN WING TEAL.

than the females, and are always a special mark for the wild fowler. The tyro in duck shooting frequently emphasizes the mallard he has succeeded in bagging by calling it "a big fat mallard." When a boy, the many mallards I used to kill were always "big and fat." Nowadays they are mallards pure and simple. There are many ways to hunt mallards and, at this season of the year, the methods employed are: First by jumping them. This is done at prairie ponds, where one can get near the rushes; then the frightened birds jump out and seek escape. Then, too, the jumping of mallards is done in marshes, when the wild fowler sits in the bow of the boat, and as the pusher propels the boat

mallards select the still water in preference to the rough. The decoys should therefore be placed so that the mallards will approach them coming up wind, for they fly much lower then and are less suspicious than when flying with the wind. If they come down wind they are harder to decoy, for they will then make a detour before alighting, and as they circle around they are suspicious and their sharp eyes will observe the slightest movement of the wild fowler. The more decoys used the better, for numbers seem to dispel all doubt. Mallards when first alighting rarely ever drop in a bunch; they alight apart, and after feeding to their satisfaction they oftentimes swim together, and if the day is warm three or four, sometimes more, will tuck their heads beneath their wings and doze the time away. It is such times as this when the pot hunter gets in his work and kills from six to a dozen at one shot.

The glories of mallard shooting are to be had early in the morning and up to nine o'clock, then from about five o'clock until dark, and when one finds the place where they have been accustomed to come in and feed undisturbed, it is nothing unusual for one gunner to bag from thirty to sixty. The writer has done this frequently, and, jointly with another, has killed over fifty in an hour. When decoys are to set out the experienced wild fowler takes everything into consideration which will aid to make him successful. The spot selected should be an isolated one if possible, where the ducks have been accustomed to alight and feed or rest undisturbed for days or weeks. A feeding place should be chosen in preference to any other, for there the birds come in at times with perfect recklessness, and it seems impossible to keep them out. At such a time the hunter appreciates and enjoys the impossible. As the mallards fly up and down the marsh, undecided just where they will alight, their eyes are constantly watching for a place where other ducks have preceded them. They are companionable and like to associate with not only their kind but with other ducks, and when blue bills are bobbing on the rougher waters of the lakes outside the margin of the wild rice and rushes their presence seems to tell the wary mallards that in the recesses of the marsh and in proximity to the blue bills there are places where the mallards can find a feeding place and regale themselves on seeds and larvae, which may be skimmed from the surface of the water, or the wild rice, which is as fondly desired by the mallard as ice cream is by the budding woman.

As the mallards come within a few hundred yards of the decoys the wild fowler calls to them, imitating the cry of mallards when they are in the marshes enjoying seclusion and contentment. This call is made by using a duck call made especially for the purpose or by calling with the human voice. The duck-shooter presses his lips and teeth together, and when the birds are within hailing distance he calls softly, "Me-amph," "Me-amph." This cry, if properly given, results in turning the birds toward the concealed hunter, and they fly toward the decoys. The mallards frequently answer these calls; if they do the hunter is sure to get a good shot if he remains motionless and concealed, and, as he watches the birds come to him with wings bowed preparatory to alighting his heart throbs fast as his eyes rest on the russet and mottled female mallard and then on the splendid drake, whose deep green head and white band around his head draw first to him the hunter's aim. Just as the birds are over the decoys and their red feet are extended and ready to alight, and they are chuckling their satisfaction at finding this place, which they have long sought, the wild fowler selects his bird, a drake by all means, and, as one report rapidly follows another, the stricken birds fall limp and dead, while their mates utter frightened cries and seek escape in

rapid flight. It often happens that when two hunters are shooting from the same blind each will make a double, i. e., each kill his pair of birds.

The sine qua non in having good duck shooting is as the Irishman said: "Plenty of very wet weather." Unless there is plenty of water in the marshes one cannot feel assured of getting the best of wild fowl shooting. If there are occasional ponds to be found throughout some extensive swamp ducks may frequent that swamp in great numbers, but the hunter will scarcely find them worth the seeking, for the marsh will be one vast bed of muck and the hunter will soon become tired and disgusted with the situation. The ducks seem to realize the protection they find amid such surroundings, and, instead of flying about, they remain in their secluded places and sip and feed and squawk from morning till night.

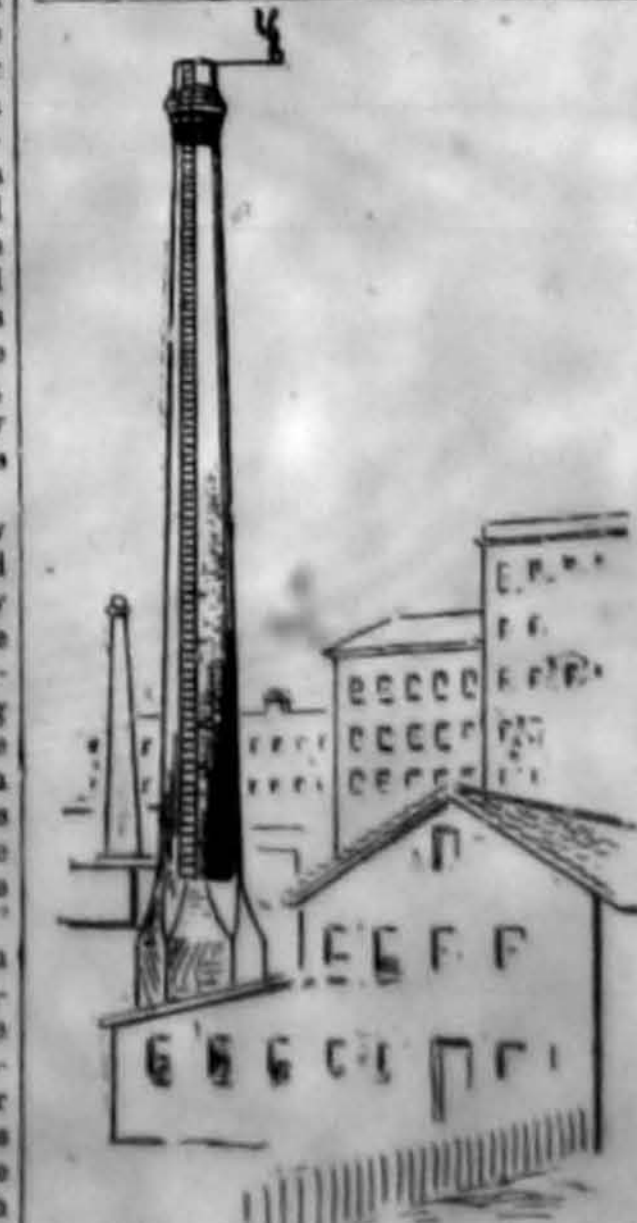
A well trained retriever is one of the greatest blessings the duck shooter was ever favored with. Such a dog is almost worth his weight in gold to the wild fowler, for in no other way can the hunter get his birds out of the thick rushes and wild rice. The dog must be obedient, have a good nose, be powerful and courageous. He must be of a neutral color. The best breed of dogs is the Chesapeake. They are a dead color of a faded buffalo robe; are not afraid of mud, rushes or ice, and will dive if necessary to get their bird. I have seen them retrieve in floating ice in a swift current and it was mere play for them. I have seen another mark where a goose fell and retrieve it from a distance of fully one-half mile, carrying a weight of twelve pounds in his mouth as if it was a stick.

The wild fowler of to-day has changed his ideas about the firearms he uses. The large bores, such as six or eight, are but seldom used, and the one who uses them now is decidedly behind the times. The favorite duck gun among expert shots is the twelve gauge hammerless, bored a full choke, shooting 4½ ounces of shot and 3½ drams of nitro-powder. Such a gun, with the load mentioned, is a far-killing weapon. Black powder is used but very little by the majority of sportsmen. The noise, the report and the smoke incident to black powder are mostly done away with when one uses nitro-powder, and one's pleasures are consequently enhanced. Nitro or smokeless powder has gun cotton for its foundation, and its advantages are slight recoil, very little noise and an almost total absence of smoke, thus enabling the shooter to use the second barrel quickly without interference from smoke, which from powder made of charcoal and saltpeter oftentimes prevents a second shot.—Chicago Herald.

### Monkey Tricks in Midair.

John William Mayman, known throughout the country as "Steeple Jack," died at Fall River Mass., recently. He had drunk heavily. Death was due to exposure.

Some time ago he finished building an addition to a chimney owned by the Smith Paper Company's mill, near Boston. The chimney is 130 feet high. Several planks had been drawn up and placed across the top to hold material, and an iron rod had been put through the top of the chimney. One Sunday afternoon Mayman had been drinking and went to the top of the chimney to show how steady his nerve was. Taking a stout plank he



STEEPLE JACK'S TERRIFYING FEAT.

inserted one end under the rod, letting the other end project into the air about eight feet. He first tried the plank with his foot; then walked slowly to the end, stooped, grasped the plank with both hands and stood on his head at the extreme end. All the spectators grew faint at the sight and most of them turned away, being unable to look at the terrifying performance.

Tiles were used on houses in Rome 500 B. C.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### TO CARVE A LEG OF MUTTON.

There are no serious difficulties in learning how to carve, and, with a little study and patience, any one may quickly learn to perform the task with sufficient skill to at least avoid remark, and every head of a household ought to make it a study. It is not an easy matter to prepare a good dinner, but it is an easy matter to spoil the effect by butchering the meats. Flattery is one of the foods an amateur carver thrives on; tell him how handsome his hands are and what graceful angles his palpitating elbows make in mid-air, and he may not throw grease beyond the carving-mat. It is not good form for the carver to remove his coat.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

### HINTS FOR DUSTING DAY.

Dusting a room is not the simple matter lookers-on think it. It does not consist in wearing a pretty apron and an effective cap and waving a feather duster after the picturesque fashion of Phyllis in the plays. In fact a feather duster is one of the least useful implements a woman who intends to dust could find. It merely puts the particles of dust in circulation in the air and after awhile they all settle again on mantles and mirrors, pianos and chairs, to disconcert the housewife later when she finds callers gazing with admiration upon the silver gray cloud that is spread over all her furniture.

A dust-cloth is the proper thing to remove dust from all wood and hard materials. A stiff brush should be used for upholstered furniture. It will remove dust from plush, tapestry and the like, set it moving about in the air and as smooth surfaces have a greater attraction for dust than rough ones, it will settle again on the tables and chairs. Then a soft, slightly damp rag will remove it. It is, consequently, always wise to brush the upholstered goods first, to allow a few minutes' intermission before dusting.

The trials of dusting day can be greatly reduced if the housewife will, during sweeping, put under cover all her bric-a-brac and books, and will, as far as possible, protect her upholstered furniture from dust by covering it with coarse sheets.—New York World.

### SOUTHERN PICKLES AND SAUCES.

Oil Cucumber Pickles—This very delicious compound is prepared as follows: Pare and slice four dozen cucumbers as if for serving on table, put them into brine strong enough to bear an egg, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Slice a dozen or fourteen onions; cover with brine for two days. Shake off the brine thoroughly and arrange in a jar alternate layers of cucumbers and onions, adding to each layer one tablespoonful of mustard seed and a saltspoonful of celery seed. Pour olive oil and vinegar over each layer. The longer this pickle stands the better. If made in July, it should not be used till December. About one quart of olive oil is required.

Yellow Piccalille—Five gallons of pure vinegar, one pound of race ginger, one pound of black pepper, one pound of horseradish, one pound of black mustard seed, one pound of garlic, two ounces of nutmeg, two ounces of mace, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of turmeric mixed with sufficient sweet oil to form a paste, two ounces of red peppers about a finger long, one dozen small hard heads of early York cabbage split in two pieces, one dozen clingstone peaches, two bunches of asparagus, twelve heads of small celery, one quart of green apricots, one quart of small white onions, two dozen ears of corn about the size of the finger, and one pint of tender snap beans. Everything except the peaches, celery and sweet spices must be scalded, and remain in the water twelve hours, and then be dried in the sun, with salt sprinkled over them. Add one small bottle of London mustard, mixed with good olive oil. The pickle should be kept in a stone jar, and stirred occasionally with a wood spoon. The housekeeper who furnished this receipt said that she commenced making the pickle in early summer, adding the various fruits and vegetables mentioned as they came in season.

Chow Chow—Twenty-five cucumbers pared and sliced very thin, fifteen white onions, cut very fine, a little horseradish, a quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, a half-ounce of celery seed, a quarter of a cup of ground pepper, tumeric and cinnamon (equal quantities of each), the measure being of the three mixed. Cut the vegetables fine and pack in salt for twenty-four hours; then drain. Soak for two days in vinegar and water; drain again and mix in the spices. Boil three quarts of vinegar and one and a half pounds of brown sugar for half an hour, and pour over while hot. Do this for three mornings in succession, using, of course, the same vinegar and sugar. Then mix one box of mustard and a half-pint of sweet oil, and pour over the pickle. Two or three heads of cauliflower, chopped, may be added.—Harper's Bazar.

Hamilton Danton, the millionaire Philadelphia saw manufacturer, is developing a 2,000,000-acre fruit and vegetable farm in Florida.



SHOOTING MALLARDS FROM A BLIND.

greater than the speed of the birds, he also knows it takes time to decide to shoot, to pull the trigger, for the cap to explode, for the shot to issue from the barrel, and then to reach the bird; all that time, slight though it is, the swift flying bird has flown from eight to ten feet, and, unless the shooter has aimed those distances ahead of the bird, depending on the distance the bird is from him, the pellets of shot will go behind the bird and the shooter will score a miss. Nos. 7 and 8 shot are the favorite size when shooting teal.

There is another favorite, very similar to the teal, and yet more like the female mallard, which frequents the marshes and pays tribute to the hunter's skill. This is the gray duck, and known locally throughout the United States as gadwall, speckle belly and gray widgion. It is very similar in appearance to the teal and the mallard and is

around the narrow winding stream the birds will fly out, presenting the easiest kind of shots. It is very easy to hit mallards when they fly up out of a marsh, for they invariably "climb"—that is, they keep rising until they have reached a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, when they start off in a direct line. When the shooter shoots at the bird he should hold a few inches or a foot over it to allow for its rise.

The second method which may be employed in mallard shooting early in the season is in flight shooting. This is done by the wild fowler secreting himself at some point or under the line of flight when he has noticed the birds flying back and forth to and from their feeding grounds. At times one can get excellent shooting in this manner, and it is rare sport to kill the birds in their flight. There is no assurance of one getting good shoot-



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We are favored with an interesting letter from Dr. Moorman, our representative, which is given to the public this week.

WARD McALESTER is dead. He was authority on all matters pertaining to society. The predilections of the man, who has a world-wide reputation, were whist, billiards, and small talk.

WAR seems almost certain between Mexico and Guatemala concerning some unfulfilled treaty affairs of long standing, and boundary limits. The war fever is said to be raging among all classes in Mexico, and more especially among the students of the law, medical, and military schools.

It seems the Bar Association of West Virginia have in view more rigid tests of qualifications for licensure to practice in the courts of our state. The provisions recommended will virtually exclude all applicants except college trained, and considerable opposition may be expected from the rural districts.

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL made a wonderful address at a club dinner in New York, last week, showing where the Democratic party had missed it. Among other things said was that they placed too much hope in the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing bill, which was of no especial importance, and then instead of proceeding to supply its place by financial legislation, went to work on the tariff, over which they split into numerous factions. What we need now, he said, is a revision of our money system. As long as we have paper money depending for its desirability on different bases, the government will suffer by capitalists who accumulate gold certificates by the exchange of greenbacks, and use them to have the gold reserve at their mercy. He speaks hopefully of the prospect of renewed activity in commercial circles, which will give the government enough revenue for its expenses, and that this borrowing is but temporary. He claims that the income tax was unjustly imposed, as it was no part of the party platform.

#### Dr. C. L. Austin's Good Luck.

The news that Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, had been appointed assistant physician of the hospital for the insane, at Weston, was received by his many friends of this county with surprise, as they did not know that he was an applicant for the position. We regret that his work will remove him from our county while he holds this post, but can congratulate him on his signal victory in securing it. The fight was hot while it lasted. The applicants, besides himself, were Dr. Morrison, of Braxton, Dr. Logg, of Wheeling, Dr. Simpson, of Warder, and Lawson, of Lewis. Of the directors, Messrs. Smoot and Sweetland favored Dr. Austin from the first. It is also reported that he was the choice of Governor MacCorkle. The vacancy is the one made by Dr. Edmiston's death.

Dr. Austin has been a citizen of this county for a number of years, coming here from Lewisburg, and establishing at once a lucrative practice. He was always a most successful practitioner. The office he has secured is a semi-political one, and rewards him in part for many years of active service in the Democratic ranks. He is a son-in-law of our representative, Dr. J. P. Moorman.

## The Legislature.

The movement to establish an industrial school for girls, has received a fresh impetus from Hon. H. G. Davis, who offers in a public letter to the Legislature to give \$50,000 towards it, if the State will make an appropriation of \$10,000 or \$15,000 yearly to its support. The trail of a very harmless serpent is seen over the tail end of this letter, as the offer also includes grounds at Davis or Elkins, the towns in which Mr. Davis is interested, and one of which would be materially enhanced by the institution if established there. There could not be a better point than Elkins found for its location. The school would fit young, friendless girls for the affairs of life, and a man would be hard to find who would say that funds so appropriated would be misapplied.

Our representative has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 264) relating to the pay of physicians summoned as expert witnesses.

When Governor MacCorkle vetoed the first bill, it was not the sensational affair that every one had looked forward to. The bill vetoed was that one relating to the establishment of the new county of Mingo, on the grounds that the bill was unconstitutional. The defect of the bill was that it included in its provisions an appointment of county commissioners, which power lies only with the governor of the state. It may yet pass in an amended form.

The Republicans have met in caucus and appointed an advisory committee to look over proposed legislation. This completes the chain reaching from Elkins as the head right down to the final reading of the bill. The whole thing is working like a machine with hardly a jar.

Colonel St. Clair is the author of the bill to prevent railroad companies dealing in coal and coke, which was introduced by our Senator Haynes. Colonel St. Clair represents the coal operators.

The new school books adopted are Montgomery's instead of Holmes' history; McEwen's instead of Mayo's book-keeping; and Hyde's for Harvey's grammar. Lewis' History of West Virginia is added to the list. A reduction of 40 per cent. from the present contract price has been provided.

A bill defining a lawful fence was scornfully rejected. There is nothing rural about this legislature.

The Democrats say that it is impossible to finish the business before the legislature in the forty-five days, but the Republicans only say "Wait and see!"

#### Weather Report.

(FOR JANUARY, 1895.)

1, clear; 2, snow; 3, partly clear; 4, snow; 5, clear; 6, rain; 7, cloudy; 8, 9, snow; 10, rain; 11, 12, 13, snow; 14, partly clear; 15, 16, rain; 17, 18, partly clear; 19, cloudy; 20, partly clear; 21, rain; 22, 23, snow; 24, clear; 25, 26, snow; 27, clear; 28, snow; 29, cloudy; 30, partly clear; 31, cloudy. M. G. MATHEWS.

\*Coldest day.

#### Concord State Normal School.

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SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

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## BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere, Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!



# HOME NEWS

—Miss Anna Wallace has formed a music class at this place.

—Mr. Wiley, of Tucker County, a real estate dealer, is stopping in Marlinton for the time being.

—The postoffice crossed the bridge last Friday, and is now found in the Cunningham building, next door to the Times office.

—Mr. Roland Price, of Jane Lew, W. Va., brought nine horses to Pocahontas, this week, to trade or sell. Billy Mann is now working with Mr. Price.

—Now is the time to provide yourself with a good overcoat and a heavy all around suit of clothes, at rockbottom prices while S. W. Holt is clearing out his winter stock.

—According to reports, the rainfall of 1894 was only 30 inches in this part of the country, which has an annual average rainfall of 40 inches. For eighteen months before January 1, 1895, the rainfall was in this proportion.

—At the foot of every mountain on the roads a big lot of trees may be seen, often heaped into a sort of wind-break. At first glance the traveler may wonder where these trees come from. When he sees every sled coming down the mountain has a tree attached as a drag, the mystery is explained.

—The route traveled in going from the county-seat of Pocahontas to the county-seat of Webster, adjoining counties, is equivalent to traveling the two long sides of a triangle. This means that there is a lot of undeveloped country in this triangle. We refer to the wagon road in this article.

—A maiden lady in one of our large cities stepped on the track of a trolley line. She feared that she had received an electric shock, and asked the conductor of a car whether it would hurt her. He said not unless she would put her other foot on the wire over the car and complete the circuit. The lady was shocked.

—The town has presented a very animated appearance the past few days, so many persons wishing to see the inducements recently advertised by the merchants. Some one observes it is like seeing silver dollars in the road and not picking them up to go away from Marlinton without buying something.

—This is the best winter ever seen for sledding, and there never was more of it done. We noticed an ingenious device for preventing a sled from "sticking" when stopped, so that it is hard to be started again. The teamster in question had a round handspike which he put under the runners and stopped the sled on top of it. This destroyed the suction, and there was no trouble to start again.

—Friday night, returning from Marlinton school entertainment, the horse driven by Messrs. Henry and Darius Moore, became unmanageable at the battery between the bridge and the island. Their sleigh collided with the one occupied by Miss Minnie Tyler and her escort, Mr. Sam Sharp, of Frost. The latter was completely wrecked, but Miss Tyler was taken up by friends and reached home without special injury. Mr. Sharp took it horse-back to Edray parsonage. The other sleigh, slightly broken, was soon on the track again.

—It is no uncommon sight for the traveler to see a lonely wild turkey sail across the valley in front of him. The long-continued storm is making them scratch for a living. They eat buds and moss, and frequent warm springs where they can pick up gravel to digest their food. All fur animals are thriving, but great numbers of them are being caught. Mr. Davis, on William's River, captured an otter, which had a most beautiful pelt near six feet long. O. Jack, Esq., on Elk, had caught a number of foxes, and has been running some wildcats, as lambs will suffer in the spring if some are not caught. He says that there are more foxes this year than he has ever known before. A jack near Marlinton caught four one week, pulling one large red fox down in sight of the road near Aaron Kerr's.

—An important suit was submitted to the Supreme Court, last week, from Randolph County. It was the case of Dewing & Sons vs. Col. E. Hutton and others. There were numerous briefs in the case, and the record contained 2100 pages and was bound into two volumes.

—A panther track was seen on Elk Mountain the other day. There is evidently an old panther hanging around these mountains, as it was seen near the foot of Elk last December. Some of the boys will come in missing some of these nights, and the panther will go home full.

—Mr. John Sydenstricker's school, on Elk, closed last Friday, with the usual proceedings. In the afternoon a great game of football took place, played on the snow crust. Near this school-house is a natural toboggan slide, which is in a fine state for sliding.

—On last Saturday, "it being ground-hog day for said county," the observers of weather signs watched and hoped for clouds all day enough to prevent the ground-hog from seeing his shadow. But the die was cast, and also the shadow, and we are in for six more weeks rough weather.

—Get ready for sugar making, for many were left last year because they were not ready to work when the time came. There was only one good "sugar spell" last year. The trees are frozen enough this season to repay the trouble of getting ready.

—Mr. Harvey Maupin has been sorely troubled with boils on his arms, the past week. Some one, to console him, spoke of the proverbial valuation put upon the boil. He said that might be, but his cost seven dollars more than they had been worth to him, so far as he could make out.

—**SAVED!** What is saved? Time and money by buying your Carpets at 20c, former price 30c; Oil Carpet 25c former price 35c; Ladies Underwear 25 per cent. below usual price at P. GOLDEN'S.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, slipped and fell, last week, hurting one hip bone most severely. The latest report says that he is rapidly recovering from the effects.

## Typhoid Fever in Webster.

Typhoid fever is raging in that settlement lying on Elk River, immediately below the Pocahontas County line. Almost every body living in that valley has it. One whole family, named Sicafoos, numbering eight, are lying sick in one room, and the neighbors are afraid to come in and nurse them or provide them wood and other necessities this terrible weather. Dr. Cameron, of Linwood, is the attending physician, and has a ride of twenty miles to make to reach the settlement, to which there is really no road. How the disease got into this secluded retreat is a mystery, but it is supposed to have come from some cases on the river in Pocahontas, fifteen miles above. Several deaths have occurred.

## From the Pastor.

A pleasant episode occurred at Pleasant Grove school-house, near Edray, last Sabbath evening. At the close of the services, largely attended, a young gentleman arose and suggested that the audience, mainly of young people, present the minister some testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare. A handsome contribution was made, which is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Such action on the part of youth is cheering and encouraging to their ministerial friends, and significant of good. W. T. P.

## A Remarkable Rainbow.

Last Monday was a rough day. It commenced by blowing and snowing, but got cold and clear before night. About an hour before sunset a beautiful rainbow appeared in the north-west extending about half way to the zenith. It was to be observed for half-hour by any one near Linwood, on Elk. The thermometer was at about zero, and there was a strong, swirling wind which was lifting the snow in columns, like dust in a summer whirlwind. The various colors of this rainbow were as distinctly outlined as any to be seen in the summer.

## Maj. James H. Stratton Dead.

LEWISBURG, W. VA., February 3, 1895.—Maj. James H. Stratton, the well-known hotel keeper, of this place, died yesterday morning, after a short illness. He was a retired steamboat captain, and has lived in Lewisburg for some years. His funeral will take place from the Presbyterian church to-morrow.

## TRIED TO BREAK JAIL.

Alex. Armstrong would have Left His Warm Warm Cot.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., Feb. 6, 1895.—Alex. Armstrong, lying in jail at this place to answer a charge of burglary, attempted to escape from the jail last night. By aid of a lamp and kerosene oil, they burned a hole through a four inch oak partition, the wall of their cell in the second story, into an adjoining cell which was unoccupied. By chance the empty cell was locked. This prevented their escape. Armstrong had been separated from his confederate, Cumberland, and placed with a negro charged with rape. Cumberland thinking that the jail was on fire aroused the town with his yells. The negroes will be taken to the new jail at Marlinton this evening.

## Personal.

J. C. Price, Esq., of Clover Creek, was here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of their marriage, on Tuesday.

Guy Slaven, formerly of this county, has been lying ill in the west. For awhile his life was despaired of, but the latest news from the daily letters received by friends here, is that he is better.

The school closed last Friday. The examinations were searching, and many of the pupils made a gratifying exhibit. Messrs. McLaughlin and Wyson are to be commended for their close and faithful attention to their duties.

Mr. Joe Lory, Jr., and Paul Crummet, of Huntersville, paid this office a very acceptable visit, last Thursday, and called on many other friends.

Mr. J. H. Buzzard, of the eastern part of this county, was in Marlinton, Thursday, and seems full of business.

One of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell's children is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Nannie Lindsay (nee McClure) has returned to her home in Indiana. She was accompanied by her father, Mr. James McClure, as far as Beverly.

Mrs. Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was the guest of Mrs. Holt, last Friday night.

Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, is visiting her friends at Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Welch has returned from a long visit to her parental home near Mingo.

E. H. Moore, of E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, was here on Monday. He accompanied Miss Josie Walker, who was returning to Lynchburg Va., having closed her school at Dunmore. —Roucouette News.

F. J. Snyder, Esq., started for the Soldiers Home at Richmond, Va., last Friday.

## Dilley's Mill.

(DELATED.)

Mr. Hicks' prophecies, are being fulfilled by this weather, but we hope the worst is over. Feed may be scarce, but we think there will be a supply in this vicinity.

Mr. J. W. Grimes, is at home again after teaching a most successful school on Slaty Fork.

Miss Lulla Aldridge, of Swago, is attending school at Mt. Zion. Miss Nora Sharp, of Elk, intends attending the same school.

The celebration (or anniversary) night on Brown's Creek was much enjoyed by some of our young people especially those who tapped the keg of "Logger beer," and as sugar was not protected, each suffered from an extravagant hand. The popularity of the former, and the superfluity of the latter made a very palatable drink.

## SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

John F. Wanlass, while fixing a cattle shed on his farm was seriously hurt, by its suddenly falling crushing him to the earth. He was taken up by his friends who thought at the time that life was extinct, but was resuscitated. He is still suffering from bruises received.

## ABOUT MUSIC.

We learn that Prof. Miller is teaching a singing school at Frost. We are glad to hear of the good work going on, for it is needed in our county. A winter's evening cannot be spent more pleasantly. Prof. Miller advocates the very kind of music we need in this mountain country, and that is character notes. We admit that the round notes are all right for those that have nothing else to do—only to bow wow over them. So we say to the Professor, go on, and your system of character notes will take our people by storm. ANONYMOUS

## Hillsboro.

Last Saturday the Sun broke through the heavy wintry clouds that obscured him, and flooded the earth with his golden light. As it was ground-hog day, that little weather prognosticator (if he was out) could not keep from seeing his shadow. Therefore all ground hog believers tell us winter will continue its icy reign for six weeks longer. With due respect to the ground-hog, and his backers, we don't believe it.

## COLD DAY FOR SNAKES.

Mr. Geo. Clark while looking in his well one day last week, saw what he thought to be a small piece of rope lying on the water; after a closer inspection however he found that it dodged about too much for a piece of rope. He put down his bucket and succeeded in getting the strange looking object into it, and when he pulled it up he found that he had a pretty good sized snake, of the garter species. He threw it out on the snow, and he said, in about three minutes it became so numbed with cold that he "could stick it right up in the snow, like a rod of iron."

## A HARD NUT.

One Henry James who was lodged in jail some time during last March, on a charge of rape, and tried and acquitted at the June court, has gotten into trouble again. Mr. Nick McCoy was a witness for the plaintiff in the case mentioned, and some statements he made so incensed Jones, that he threatened to burn him out. He also, made like threats against other parties in the neighborhood. Mr. McCoy hearing of it, at once took steps to have him arrested, when he told him if he would let him off he would leave the country and never return; he was released on that promise, and went away. Last week he returned, having been gone for about eight months. Mr. McCoy was apprised of his being in the neighborhood again, and on last Saturday morning when passing through Mr. F. A. Renick's place on business, accidentally ran across him; Jones took to his heels, and Mr. McCoy put a savage dog he had with him, after him, and in a short time he was safely perched on a fence nearby. Mr. McCoy unarmed approached him, and told him to surrender. Jones who had a gun, at first dissented, but seeing Mr. McCoy's determined manner, concluded to give himself up. He was taking before Squire Bruffey near Lobelia. We haven't learned as yet how Mr. Bruffey disposed of the case.

## OTHER ITEMS

Miss R. F. Clark has secured a school, at Logan C. H. this State, and will start for that place on the 5th. We wish her much success in her new surroundings.

In the near future Mr. Wm. H. Overholt is going to put up a planer near what is known as the Miller Ford, on the east side of the Greenbrier River. He has a large lot of timber there that he proposes to saw and plane on the ground, and then raft on the river to Roucouette for shipment.

Another cold Sunday, with the mercury down to 18° below zero.

On last Monday morning a child was born to Mrs. Joseph McNeil, which lived but a few hours.

"JENKINS."

## Green Bank.

We are having fine winter so far. On last Sunday morning the thermometer was down to 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. Harvey Curry and wife spent last week visiting in our village. Mrs. Curry can not walk at all and has to be carried on her rolling-chair from house to house but when in the house she can go from one room to another without help.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Oliver a fine girl. George wears a new hat now.

Mr. Walker Yeager of Huntersville was in our villa last Saturday evening.

Mr. Jake Beard, of Academy, was in town Monday.

Justice W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, and Mr. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were in Green Bank last Saturday.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, was visiting in this neighborhood last week.

Rev. C. M. Fultz is holding protracted services at the Pine Grove school house.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place next Sunday at 11 A. M., and at Traveler's Repose at 4 P. M.

## Lobelia.

Still cold and freezing.

Mrs. Vaughn is very low with rheumatism. The sick generally are all up.

Geo. Kinnison is hauling logs to the saw mill, and he talks of building a new house.

Feed is getting scarce in this part, but there is plenty of grain.

Some of the people are preparing to make sugar.

The turkeys are coming in from the mountains, and a stray bullet may light on one.

B. Hill caught another red fox, making three for him.

## AN UNFORTUNATE DEER.

Tom Vaughn found a deer, dead, with its feet sticking through the fence. It was on a hill side, and the deer must have slid there on the snow crust, and could not get out again.

## DOCTOR WANTED.

We think that some young physician would do well to locate in this section. We have from 75 to 100 families on this side of the mountain.

## A RANDOLPH COUNTY ITEM.

We have been personally informed that Hon. S. B. Elkins has pensioned the young man whom his son accidentally shot, while hunting together last fall. His name is Currence. Mr. Elkins paid the doctor bill to the amount of \$500, and other expenses, and pays him \$50 per year as long as he lives. Not such a bad man after all. OBSERVER.

## Clover Lick.

News is scarce this week; nothing of much importance.

The people are generally well.

Mr. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, was over the other day.

John R. Showalter, and Howard Meeks, are visiting relatives in Highland county.

Hanson Carpenter, the gentleman who slid down the hillside not long since, to see his brother-in-law, Clark McCloud, says, this is the first time he has been able to be out since. He is about well.

Jas. McLaughlin, late of this county, son of Geo. McLaughlin, is in Kansas, and doing well. So a letter informs us.

Geo. Pringley, of Randolph county, who has been ill with fever, is much better. He has been in bed eight weeks.

The ground has been white with snow for 43 days, and weather cold in accordance. Feed is a going to be scarce.

This is ground-hog day, and we don't think the ground hog will see his shadow, thank goodness.

What has become of the overseer of this road? Snow-drifts, trees, and rocks, are all in the road, which is all but impassable. We came near getting our horse crippled the other day.

## PUMPKINHEAD

## Dunmore.

This is good ground hog weather, if he comes out of his hole this winter he will freeze sure. Sunday morning the thermometer got to 20° below the cold place.

Miss Bessie Patterson closed her school at Cross Road, last Saturday.

Several people from Marlinton, attended the hop at Green Bank Monday night. A large turn out, and a good time prevailed.

Mr. A. B. Rayburn, is at home, and Mr. Robt Beals is up on a visit.

His honor, W. H. Grose, is spending several days in the Green Bank district.

Mr. W. J. Yeager's sleighbells jingled about town Sunday.

Mrs. George W. Siple is visiting here this week.

Messrs. B. F. McElwee and Thomas Barnett are engaged in the fur business this winter. Lord Chesterfield says they make a specialty of cat fur.

Mr. Wash Oliver is hauling lumber this week for the ark.

S. R. Kerr, was to Mill Point last week for a load of flour for McElwee & Moore.

Rev. John A. Taylor is off for Ronceverte this week for nails to build arks, for Dixon and O'Connell.

Some of our sick are improving. C. B. Swecker is laid up with neuralgia.

Mr. B. F. McElwee and wife are off on a trip to Marlinton.

Rev. S. L. Potter, is holding a protracted meeting this week.

PETER TIGHE'S BUTCHER.